

In Recital

Curtis D Knecht, baritone

with

Roger Admiral, piano

and

Bill Damur, lute

Tom Jameson, viola da gamba

Saturday, April 19, 1997 at 2:00 pm

Convocation Hall, Arts Building



**Department of Music
University of Alberta**

Program

Though far from Joy (1601)
When Laura Smiles (1601)
Dear, do not your fair beauty wrong

Phillip Rosseter

Weepe you No More (1603)

Robert Johnson
(c. 1582-1633)

John Dowland
(1563-1626)

Faire, sweet, cruell (1607)

Thomas Ford

Bill Damur, lute
Tom Jameson, viola da gamba

Aus Goethes Faust, Op.75 No.3
Adelaïde, Op. 46
Der Kus, Op. 128

Ludwig van Beethoven
(1770-1827)

Intermission

From *Zar und Zimmermann*
No.14 Lied - Sonst spielt ich

Albert Lortzing
(1801-1851)

From *Tannhäuser*
O du mein holder Abendstern

Richard Wagner
(1813-1883)

Don Quichotte a dulcinée
I. Chanson romanesque
II. Chanson épique
III. Chanson à boire

Maurice Ravel
(1875-1937)

This recital is presented in partial fulfilment of the requirement for the Bachelor of Music degree for Mr Knecht.

Mr Knecht is generously supported by Vienna Opera Ball Society.

This recital is dedicated to the memory of CJCL.

Translations:

Aus Goethes Faust - From Goethes Faust

There was once a king, who had a giant flea,
whom he loved as his own son.

He called a tailor, and said "Measure clothes for
this squire (young noble) and fit him with trousers.
The flea was attired in velvet and silk, had ribbons
on his clothes and wore a crucifix.

He immediately became minister and had a large
star. His siblings became lords and ladies
at the court.

The men and women also at the court were very
tormented. From the queen to the maid, they were
stung and gnawed.

No one was permitted to bow or curtsy, nor to itch
(scratch) away the fleas.

However, said they, "we will bow, curtsy and
choke the fleas if we are stung."

Adelaide - Adelaide

Lonely your friend wanders the spring garden,
lapped in the magical sweet light,
that quivers through swaying blossomed boughs,
Adelaide!

In the mirroring waves, in the Alpine snows,
in the gold cloud masses of departing day,
in the region of stars your image shines,
Adelaide!

Evening breezes whisper in the tender foliage,
the silvery bells of May stir in the grass,
waves splash and nightingales sing:
Adelaide!

One day, O miracle, upon my grave shall bloom
a flower from the ashes of my heart;
clearly shall shimmer on every purple leaf:
Adelaide!

Der Kus - The Kiss

I was with Chloe all alone,
and I wished to kiss her:
but she said
she would scream,
vain effort would it be.

But I dared and kissed her,
although she did resist.
And did she not scream?
Oh yes, she screamed,
but not until long after.

Sonst spielt ich - Once played I

Once played I with sceptre, with crown and star;
the sword, already as child, ah, I swung it with
pleasure;
playmates and servants threatened (by) my glance;
happily returned I to my fathers lap.
And lovingly said he: "Dear boy, you are mine!"
Oh happy, oh happy, a child still (again) to be!

Now I am adorned with crown, now I carry the
star;
the people, my Russians, I would like to make
happy!
I lead them to greatness, I lead them to the light,
my fatherly aspirations they do not recognize.
Covered with purple, I now stand alone.
Oh happy, oh happy, a child still to be!

And ends this striving, and ends the pain,
they erect for the King a monument of stone;
a monument in their hearts he hardly gains,
because earthly greatness disappears like a dream.
Yet calls the Almighty, "Come in peace,";
So will I blissfully be your child again.

O du mein holder Abendstern - O You My Evening Star

Like death's dark shadow, night her gloom
 extendeth,
Her sable wing o'er all the vale she bendeth,
The soul that longs to tread your path of light,
Yet dreads to pass the gate of fear and night.
I look on thee, oh, star in heav'n the fairest,
Thy gentle beam through trackless space thou
 bearest,
the hour of darkness is by thee made bright,
Thou leadest upward with pure, kindly light.

Oh, star of eve, the tender beam smiles on my
 spirit's troubled dream;
From heart that ne'er its trust betrayed,
Greet when she passes, the peerless maid,
Dear her beyond this vale of sorrow
To fields of light that know no morrow.

Chanson romanesque - Song of Fantasy

If ever for rest you are yearning,
I'll hush the winds and seas, my love,
I will say to the sun above,
"Cease in your flight, stay in your turning!"

If ever for morning you sigh,
The stars I will hide and their wonder,
The splendour of heav'n tear asunder,
And banish the night from the sky.

If space lost in chaos was o'er you,
Filling your soul with nameless fear,
God-like I'd come, shaking my spear,
And saw the stars, radiant before you!

But if ever I hear you cry,
"Give me your life! Prove how much you love me!"
Darkness will fall, shadows above me,
Blessing you still, then I shall die!
O Dulcinee

Chanson épique - Epic Song

Saint Micheal, come! my lady bring to me,
unto my soul her presence lending,
Saint Micheal, come! her champion let me be,
with knightly grace her fame defending,
Saint Micheal, come! to earth descending,
with good Saint George before the shrine
of the Madonna with face divine.

May the light of heav'n on my sword be lying,
Give to my spirit purity, and lend my heart sweet
 piety,
and lift my soul in ecstasy, undying!

O good Saint George and Saint Micheal, hear me!
An angel watches ever near me, my own beloved,
like, so like to you, Madonna, maid divine!
Amen.

Chanson à boire - "Song to Drink"

Lady ador'd! Wherefore this sorrow?
I live in your glances divine,
Say not that love, love and good wine,
Brings to us mortals grief tomorrow
Ah!

Drink then! drink to joy!
For good wine makes you laugh like a merry boy!
Makes you laugh, laugh like a boy!
Ah! Ah! Ah! to joy!
La, la, la, drink on, drink to joy!

Who wants a maid, (not I, I'm thinking)
A maiden who mopes all day long,
Silent and pale, never a song,
Frowning to see her lover a drinking!
Ah!